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THE LAST PICTURE SHOW: A CONCURRING OPINION

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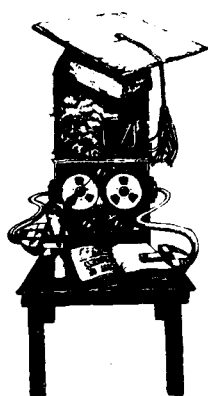
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NEWS & VIEWS

Old Cause, New Need

The parole of Father Daniel Berrigan—if it materializes through the rehearsing scheduled for Jan. 26—will spare Dan 10 months of his three-year term, and free him just after brother Phil and seven others will have been brought to trial in Harrisburg on those charges of conspiring to foul up Henry Kissinger and some heating pipes in Washington. Trial date is set for early or mid-January.

Dan Berrigan's release would have no direct effect, of course, on the Harrisburg events, whatever the limitations or freedoms of the parole terms. But it would provide a boost to the morale of the defendants and the defense team—a detail that assumes some importance as the government seeks to make as long as it can the long night of the defendants.

As for the Harrisburg defense team, it also needs a boost of another, more practical sort: a financial boost.

The Harrisburg Defense Committee is still meeting its considerable bills, but at the present rate of income the Committee is not going to be able to make it through the trial, when there will be the additional expenses of travel and housing of defendants, lawyers and aides, and when there will be escalated legal costs; e.g., transcription of testimony.

This, coupled with the fact that the defendants will be forced to curtail speaking engagements and fund-raising activities during the trial, places the Defense Committee in a desperate money situation. It needs bread—badly.

Contributions may be sent to Harrisburg Defense Committee, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10010.

Apropos the Berrigans, efforts are underway to nomi-

nate Dan and Phil for the 1972 Nobel Peace Prize. These are being coordinated from Sweden by Professor Peter Jagers of Goteborg.

The Berrigans are well known in Sweden, as one would expect they would be. The press there is largely pro-Berrigan, and several members of the Swedish Parliament have indicated intention of backing the Berrigans for the Nobel Prize.

The prize itself will be decided, however, by the Norwegian Parliament. Sweden and Norway were one country when the Nobel prizes were established, and the peace prize prerogative was settled on Norway's legislators.

Anyone can suggest candidates, but the committee-in-charge must consider recommendations from "authorized persons," including Nobel peace laureates, members of the World Court, legislators of any country, and university professors in political science, law, history, or philosophy.

Nominations must be received before Feb. 1. They should be sent to: Det Norske Stortings Nobelkomite, Drammensvein 19, Oslo, Norway.

A Honeymoon Ending?

Bishop Carroll Dozier's Christmas pastoral on peace [*Commonweal*, 12/24/71] produced the negative reaction in some quarters, that he feared it would. Five days after the pastoral's appear-

ance—on Christmas eve, in fact—the Memphis draft board changed the draft status of the priest-principal of Bishop Byrne High School from 4-D, a clergyman's exemption, to 1-A.

The board ruled that Father Joseph Umphries, 29, was functioning as an educator, not a minister. Bishop Dozier responded that the board was "strik[ing] back at me because of my pastoral letter."

"It smacks of interference of state with religion when they tell me who is a priest and who's not," he added.

Jim Castelli, columnist for New York's *Catholic News*, views the Memphis action as a "symbol of things to come," holding implications that extend far beyond Memphis.

"The American Catholic church can no longer be counted upon for knee-jerk support of the government in foreign affairs," he wrote, "and the government has noticed. . . . The honeymoon is over between church and state in the U.S."

If the Memphis reclassification is allowed to stand, says Castelli, the priestly apostolate across the country is threatened in social as well as educational fields—not to mention priests working in administration, finances, communications, etc.

Grin 'n Bear It

The Government Printing Office has announced the publication of *The Report of*

the White House Conference on Youth.

This is the conference which was convened last April in Estes Park, Colo., under the patronage of Richard Nixon, and which Nixon subsequently demeaned because of its anti-establishment tone and resolutions.

Among resolutions from that conference:

—that there be "an acceptance of a wide variety of individual and family lifestyles";

—that there be "immediate and total withdrawal of all American troops from Southeast Asia";

—that all "social sexual oppression" of homosexuals and lesbians come to an end;

—that money be freed and spent in programs which benefit the poor, especially minority persons.

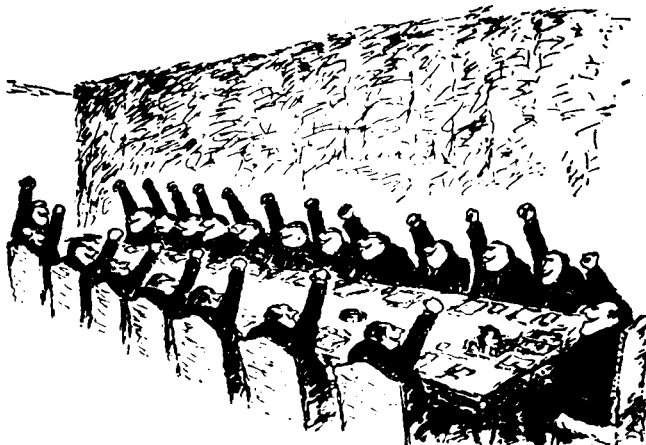
The 310-page report may be had for \$2.50 by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402. The ordering number is 54AA.

Odds and Ends

—The special-effects man backgrounded Walter Cronkite's news account of comedian Bob Hope's attempt to go to Hanoi to negotiate the release of American POWs with a screen image of . . . whoops, Pope Paul VI.

—The "Personal Columns" of the Dec. 20 London *Times* featured messages from Sir Peter and Lady Studd, Lord and Lady Diplock, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy-Wallis, and others who would be abroad or on cruises and not sending cards at Christmas . . . and the following regret: "Miss Carolyn Sacks and Mr. Edward Cargill regret that they are not giving Christmas presents this year at the request of their bank managers. Friends wishing to mark the festive season in the conventional manner are invited to subscribe to a suitable charity, such as the Carolyn Sacks and Edward Cargill Improvidence Fund." JOHN DEEDY

South Baltimore Voice/LNS



"All power to the board of directors!"

CORRESPONDENCE



Black Speech

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Dorothy Seymour's article on "Black Children, Black Speech" [Nov. 19] was another perceptive analysis of the dialogical failure of our benevolent society's attempt to understand minority groups. What this essay alluded to in my mind (if I may go beyond Ms. Seymour's thesis a bit) was the underlying rash assumption that somehow the "language of the ruling class" is normative for the rest of society.

This "language of the ruling class" is not limited solely to the syntactical fine points of classroom dialectics, but extends to every area of social relationships. Language in whatever form is a personal means of communication rich in symbolism. The prevailing pattern so far has been that the "ruling class" determines the rhetoric (and therefore the symbolism evocative of "proper" emotions) that is acceptable when speaking of patriotism, foreign policy, national security, domestic dissenters, economic policies, etc. etc. etc.

We see, for example, C.O.'s, politically conscientiousized academicians and clerics, and other patriotic citizens harassed and incarcerated for speaking and living the language of patriotism. *But* (and this is the clincher) this type of language is eschewed by the "ruling class" because it is not "normative" (whatever that may mean). The "wrong" emotions are evoked because more questions are raised than answered. Not so surprisingly, constructive criticism can sometimes be painful to those who find it hard to say, "I'm sorry."

Perhaps the problem is one of refusal to recognize the multiplicity of options that are extant on every level of our society, consonant with the myriad diversities among human personalities who respond differently to various cultural stimuli. The dominant

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AMNESTY

The question of an amnesty for the 70,000-100,000 young Americans who have either quit the military or refused the draft over the war in Vietnam is short of being an idea whose time has come, but it is not an idea whose time is far away. The swing of President Nixon from a flat rejection of the idea several weeks ago to qualified openness in his recent CBS interview with Dan Rather is clue to the mood which is settling over the land on the subject. When Cardinal Cushing spoke out in favor of amnesty a couple of Christmases ago, the notion of an amnesty was as alien as the notion of surrendering in Vietnam. The latter notion is today no less alien, but not amnesty. Not only does the nation's Chief Executive entertain the possibility, but two bills are in the Congress which would implement the idea.

In point of fact, the amnesty idea is, as Mr. Nixon himself conceded, neither singular nor radical so far as American history is concerned. George Washington granted amnesty to the Whiskey insurrectionists. Abraham Lincoln provided an amnesty for Union deserters in the last days of the Civil War. Andrew Johnson helped bind up the wounds of the nation after the Civil War by extending amnesty to the soldiers of the Confederacy . . . and if it is possible to give amnesty to persons who fought in rebellion *against* the country, how much more possible should it be to be magnanimous with those reluctant inheritors of a violent situation, whose consciences would not let them accommodate the violence of Vietnam. More than being just possible, magnanimity is demanded by justice if the individual conscience is still to be respected in the United States, and if conscientious resistance remains a factor to be entered into value equations.

If there is a barrier to amnesty, it is a political one more than any other. Religious authority is pretty much in agreement that American involvement in Vietnam has passed the point of proportionality, and public opinion would seem to concur; 58 percent of Americans, according to a Harris Poll of last May, indicated that they believe it "morally wrong" for the U.S. to be warring in Vietnam. If there is an immorality involved in the Vietnam enterprise, as the growing consensus would have it, then it is impossible to be other than generous toward those who refused to be

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party to that immorality.

None of this is to say precisely what form amnesty should take—whether it should be unconditioned, as some argue, or whether, as one Congressional bill would provide, it should be tied to some kind of redemptive public service. It is not to say either that no differentiation should be made between draft evaders and deserters from the military; these may not always be cases of the same genre. What is important is that the issue not become an emotional one, as could happen if Mr. Nixon persists in his pound-of-flesh approach, demanding that those pardoned “pay the price” for violating the law; and that it not be politicized by being joined to other issues, as Mr. Nixon seems prone on doing in linking amnesty to the return of the prisoners of war.

This said, we welcome Mr. Nixon’s comments on the amnesty question, tentative though they were. Hopefully they will serve to broaden a process of national discussion, a detail vital of itself. For although Mr. Nixon is exact in saying the “prerogative” for an amnesty is his, it is essential that the public have a fuller understanding of the issue so that, when amnesty comes, it will be received in a spirit of reconciliation.

Theology of the Coup d'Etat?

Noticeable splits are appearing in the Bolivian Catholic church as the iron fist of the military government continues to come down hard on leftist opponents and progressive churchmen. Those hard hit, such as Bishop Jesus Lopez de Lama of Corocoro, are conducting a courageous protest against government abuses. Conservative church figures, however, seem happy with the military and are giving Bolivia’s anti-Communist campaign the flavor of a “new Pentecost.”

Somewhere above this worldly reality sits the Bolivian Catholic Bishops’ Conference, not making a commitment in either direction, despite the fact that over 30 priests have been forced to leave the country since the coup of last August. In a statement issued Sept. 17, the episcopal conference lamented “the number of casualties, wounded persons, mourning, pain, arrests and exiles,” yet seeing events as bringing the country “to a period of major tranquillity.”

It was a document noted for its moralizing and abstract style, a departure from the concrete, socially-oriented episcopal documents that have been coming from Latin America in recent years. The bishops see the current persecution as part of the daily struggle between political factions which “exclude a healthy ideological

pluralism.” Their opinion contrasts sharply with that of ISAL (Church and Society in Latin America), an ecumenical group of progressive Christians.

“Authentic barbaric acts have been committed against culture,” said ISAL, referring to military occupation of university buildings immediately after the military coup. “University autonomy was not respected causing students to be thrown out and the destruction of files having great cultural and economic value.” Leftist university students and professors have been prime targets for the government of Col. Hugo Banzer. They were supporters of the overthrown government of Gen. Juan José Torres.

ISAL was equally strong in citing persecution against church personnel and institutions. “Some churches were raided. There is a lack of guarantees. And there is constant pressure on some means of social communications run by religious institutions. All telephones are under surveillance. Some priests are having their sermons under surveillance. Many other priests are being persecuted. Several have had to leave the country, as their lives were seriously threatened.”

This protest caused the forced departure from Bolivia of many ISAL members. Col. Andres Selich, minister of national affairs, continues his “combing operations” in “suspicious” church buildings. A raid was even conducted on the home of Bishop Lopez de Lama. The prelate, who was not present during the raid, strongly protested “all raids and arrests in which the most basic rights of the human person and of human dignity are not respected.” Backing Bishop Lopez de Lama are Auxiliary Bishop Adhemar Esquivel of La Paz and several La Paz clergymen. The La Paz group asked Selich, as a Christian, “to stop all raids, arrests and exiles which threaten to create new hatreds and reprisals.”

In Oruro the Integral Development Center staffed by Canadian priests of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate has been temporarily closed and Father Marcel Grondin, director, has fled from police across the Chilean border. The center trained worker and peasant leaders, and also organized seminars and workshops which examined local and national issues.

In La Paz, Father Robert Melchoir, a Belgian, left the country after his headquarters was raided five times. Father Melchoir was director of the National Center for Integral Preparation. The government is believed to be receiving help in picking out the priests to be harassed from Auxiliary Bishop Genaro Prata of La Paz, a personal friend of Selich.

The government also receives support from other conservatives whose statements have converted the state’s political vendettas into a holy war against Communism. This fits in nicely with the staunch anti-Communism of the Bolivian Socialist Falange, main governmental partner of the military. Conservatives are carrying out their activities through popular religiosity, which emphasizes civic-religious processions such as the carrying of the

statue of Our Lady of Copacabana through the main streets of La Paz. This procession was organized by a group of Franciscans, who were pawns of government factions.

In Santa Cruz, where the rebellion began, the coup atmosphere was prepared by Father Eduardo Arcusa during a series of week-long quasi-religious activities in which he charged that Communism was growing in the country. He accused progressive priests of participating in the Communist plan. And Santa Cruz's Bishop Luis Rodriguez prepared a pastoral letter hailing the Banzer coup. The letter is believed to have been drafted by three U.S. Dominican priests. Said the letter: "The revolution in the name of faith to eliminate Communism in Bolivia places us at the beginning. We still lack

prophets and powerful and charismatic manifestations of the resurrected Christ. But by this Christmas we will see signs and evidence of a new Bolivia. God's hand is near and tangible. Whether we like it or not, the promises of liberation are already visible in Bolivia."

Some observers call this the "theology of the coup d'état."

Still perched above the turmoil is the episcopal conference, which "asks God to give light and direction to authorities so their decisions will respond to the new mentality of liberation and progress to benefit all Bolivians."

JOEL ALGERIA

(Joel Algeria is the pen-name of a Bolivian journalist specializing in religious affairs currently working in Lima.)



THE GARY REPORT

IS THIS SCHOOL NECESSARY?

Early this year, the most devastating critique of Catholic education will be released to the public. Ironically, this study of non-public education—entitled "The Collapse of Nonpublic Education: Rumor or Reality?"—was commissioned by friends of parochial schools: Governor Nelson Rockefeller and the New York Board of Regents. What makes this report different is that it depicts the crisis in Catholic education in the starkest possible terms. And, most important, the report blames much of that crisis on the church.

"The Catholic school leadership," the report concludes, "has been operating under serious misconceptions in assuming that the key factor in enrollment decline is tuition increase. The longer the Catholic school leadership refuses to recognize explicitly the forces which are creating the difficulties, the longer these difficulties will increase. They will be unable to take the action necessary to prevent the tragedy of genuine collapse, which will cause major decline in enrollment in addition to those predicted on the basis of trends."

These are strange words from a former educational consultant to the late Francis Cardinal Spellman. For the major author of the report, Louis R. Gary, served as chairman of the Cardinal's Committee on Educational Research for the Archdiocese in 1967. Moreover, some prominent Catholics worked as staff—including the Rev. Ernest J. Bartell, C.S.C., and Msgr. George Kelly—along with well-known opponents of parochial education such as Leo Pfeffer.

The Gary Report is but one of some 50 that will constitute the two-year final study of the New York State Commission on the Quality, Cost and Finance of Elementary and Secondary Education. Under the chairman-

ship of Buffalo attorney Manly Fleischmann, the 18-member commission spent approximately ¾ of a million dollars in research to examine all aspects of primary and secondary schooling in the state. The Fleischmann commission subcontracted the research to various experts in the field. The result was one of the most brilliant, if slightly unbalanced, overviews of education. The report will be issued in two volumes totaling some 1,000 pages. The first volume will survey non-public schools, finance, integration, decentralization, federal aid and other topics, and will be released this month. The second volume will cover all other aspects of schooling—save adult education—and will be published in March.

Essentially, the Gary Report is hostile. It predicts an almost total eclipse of parochial education, takes a dim constitutional view of parochial aid, and suggests unrealistic conditions for such aid. I write this not as an advocate for Catholic schools—my allegiance is to public education—but as a concerned "outsider" who recoils from the unfair negative thrust of the Gary Report. (Understandably, Msgr. Kelly filed a "minority report.")

Although the Gary Report treats of all forms of non-public schooling, it, in effect, deals with Catholic education since nearly 85 percent of nonpublic students attend Catholic schools (95 percent nationally). The report estimates that by 1980 Catholic school enrollment will decline by at least 55 percent in the state; that there will be only 1,375 religious teachers left of the present 12,542; and that the average lay elementary teacher's salary will rise, because of growing union power, to \$15,346 compared to the present average of \$5,335. To compound matters, parish revenues, over half of which support these schools, are also declining. In short,

the report states "the crisis in Catholic schools is already partially out of control."

And if Catholic school policies remain unchanged, the report predicts, the state will have to subsidize a \$1.4 billion deficit. It would be cheaper for the public schools to assume the burden of Catholic schools; the state would save \$415 million. At this writing the Fleischmann commission leans towards a recommendation to halt state aid, and, instead, concentrate on helping public schools absorb Catholic students.

The Gary Report, however, offers another strategy. By its calculations, the deficit could be halved through thoughtful planning. Catholic school leaders would have to partially consolidate schools. Moreover, it is inconceivable to the Gary writers that the Catholic school plant would be eliminated. Most probably, affluent Catholics would support a miniscule elite system.

The report attributes shrinking enrollments to changing Catholic tastes. It challenges the conventional wisdom that holds that spiraling tuition costs are to blame. The sharp decline in enrollment, the report states, is in elementary grades; yet tuition for early schooling is minimal, averaging \$50 yearly. Moreover, the decline is most evident in the affluent suburbs, where the primary school tuition is even less—an average \$40 yearly. And of the 76 elementary schools closed in the last 5 years, 25 charged no tuition. On the other side of the coin, "there is no evidence that tuition increases have significantly affected enrollment."

The Gary Report operates under a curious—and contradictory—set of assumptions. On the one hand, it infers that changing Catholic tastes are reactions to the inferior quality of the Catholic school program. What must be done, the report strongly implies, is to create an exceptional educational product. Yet, the report jumps to the opposite conclusion that "a state policy to make Catholic schools obviously superior to public schools is unthinkable." That is shamefully begging the issue. The purpose of all aid has been to improve the educational fare in some fashion.

The Gary writers have also concocted punitive restrictions for state aid. They demand of parochial schools what they refuse to demand of public schools: namely, "open admissions, quality control through performance, access to information about schools . . . and public accountability." These are laudable goals. One wishes every school, public or non-public, could be operated in such fashion. But the sad fact is that public schoolmen have successfully thwarted the implementations of those "crucial conditions for aid" in their schools. The one charge that has some merit is that Catholic schools in the cities do impede school integration.

There is something to be said for Catholic schools. For one thing, they accomplish their educational aim whereas the urban public schools do not. Despite teachers who are not as well prepared academically as their

public school counterparts, Catholic schools are better than public schools. In this respect, the Gary writers are not convinced by their own evidence. Students in Catholic elementary schools performed higher than public school students in reading tests. And 56.6 percent of Catholic high school graduates enter 4-year colleges compared to 36.8 percent for public high school students. There is immense implication here for the public schools and one should probe more deeply into why the Catholic schools function as they do.

Catholic schools are especially good in the cities. This is one reason why Catholic parents ignore higher tuition. They escape a deteriorating public school plant; and, true, many escape school integration. But there is another reason why Catholic parents send their children to city parochial schools, which the Gary writers discovered. Parents find a greater need to preserve the Catholic sub-culture in a cosmopolitan setting with many ethnic groups than do the suburban parents in a more homogeneous background. They send their children to parish schools, the Gary Report states, in a "desire to maintain ethnic enclaves."

Nonetheless, the Gary Report may well be moot. The New York State legislature did not wait for the Gary Report but passed a general aid to non-public schools law last spring. The State Educational Services Act (SESA) gives a \$33 million dollar check to non-public schoolmen to spend as they see fit. Rockefeller & Company believe it cheaper for the state to aid parochial schools than to absorb them.

However, the Supreme Court, last August, may have set back all future aid. The Court ruled that aid laws in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, similar to New York's SESA, were unconstitutional.

Still, Catholic school advocates seem to enjoy favorable political trade winds. They count on not only the support of key state governors and legislators but that of President Nixon, who in recent years has repeatedly made public that he feels America needs Catholic schools. It is not inconceivable that the President might seek strong federal aid to parochial schools. And his "packing" of the Supreme Court with two new members reflecting his thinking might change that body's attitude towards church-state issues.

Was the Gary Report, then, a futile exercise? Only if one expects an immediate impact on public policy. Many of the Fleischmann commission studies will have little chance to become law. Nevertheless, the Gary Report, like the other Fleischmann reports, should provide educators and policymakers with sufficient raw material for some time.

MAURICE R. BERUBE

(Maurice R. Berube is Staff Associate, Institute for Community Studies, Queens College. He co-directed the report on school decentralization for the Fleischmann commission.)

THE EDUCATIONAL TECHNOCRAT

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

What will the technocrat do? Exactly what his counterpart in the wards and precincts and at City Hall has done before him . . .

Forty years ago "professionalization" of elementary and secondary education was just beginning. The graduates of the Teachers Colleges were easing out of the classroom people trained in specific academic disciplines, and the "schools of education" in the universities were forming the next generation of principals and superintendents, most of whom had spent six to eight years majoring in such things as "supervision," "administration," "school management," etc. It was only a matter of time before a whole literature of "education" grew up, a literature which was written in purest scientific argot, with all the apparatus of scholarship, and which treated in the most portentous of terms such speculative issues as "the philosophy of industrial growth," "the philosophy of discipline," "the philosophy of industrial-auto mechanics," etc. Subtle scholastic distinctions were defined and enforced among goals, ends, objectives; and subjects such as "learning how to have fun" were fitted "with a set of aims, proceedings, standards." (All quoted phrases from the *NEA Journal* [January and May, 1948] and *Vocational Education* [May, 1958])

Such developments were generally greeted by universal applause within the community as the necessary specialization an expanding school system required, and within educational circles as upgrading the common teacher to exponent or practitioner of a discipline allegedly as socially ennobling and technically rarified as internal medicine, soteriology, or tort actions. Pedagogy had come of age: the teachers, so *they* thought, had joined the ranks of doctors, ministers and lawyers. On the pragmatic end of the spectrum of opposition, critics

of these developments were generally confined to small or parochial-school systems where teachers previously hadn't required a degree in *anything*. On the more theoretical end, the critics were generally "New Humanists," such as Norman Foerster, Irving Babbitt, and Paul Elmer More, and devotees of the "classics," such as Mortimer Adler and Robert Hutchins. The last decade has certified who the victors were in this uneven contest. But even more it has illuminated the high price the common-school pupil has had to pay for such a victory, and has witnessed the present rebellion against virtually everything the professional educators stood for.

This is all largely a matter of history, and has no more and no less interest than any other narrative of a past social disaster. Fortunately, Clio is not just a story teller but an instructor, and there are lessons to be learned from all this that bear on the immediate future of higher education in this country. For, virtually this same evolution is now discernible in almost all of the less affluent (generally church-related) private colleges, in many of the tax-supported ones, and even in a few of the better private colleges and universities. In these schools "professional administrators" are moving into the mid-echelon positions as deans and vice presidents, and it is only a question of time before they advance to presidencies. These are, by and large, people with no strictly academic formation, and whose interests, on the middle level, are usually confined to curriculum tinkering and faculty manipulating, and on the higher level, to fund-raising and building programs. Spawned by professional schools, associating only with their "professional" peers, they are for the most part devoid of any idea of what should be going on in a classroom or lecture hall in the sciences or humanities, and are

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER is author of *The Catholic Dimension in Higher Education* and Vice President of Herder and Herder.

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without anything but the blandest notion of what a college or university is all about.

Anyone who examines the criteria drawn up by "presidential search committees" in scores of colleges around the country can only be dumbfounded by what appears not just as indifference but as a positive fear of high intellectual achievement or academic attainment. The conventional wisdom of such committees seems to dictate that a person trained in the liberal arts is precisely the least capable of administering a liberal arts institution. The qualities desiderated by most "search committees" would be as applicable to managers in any field of industry, or indeed to police captains or ward bosses. True, community relations are important; personality and aggressiveness may be assets; fund-raising, no doubt, is a plus. But none of these is of any significance if harnessed in the service of intellectual aimlessness or academic drift. One can only applaud the rare integrity of Victor Rosenblum, former president of Reed College, when explaining his resignation: "I chose to return to my teaching career . . . because I was unsuccessful in convincing my Board of Trustees that fund-raising had to be their priority, and planning and spending for educational policy had to be mine. . . ." I do not know who Rosenblum's successor was, but it is obvious he must have been someone ready to fulfill the expectations of his "search committee," someone attuned to the managerial requirements of his office.

Culling a page from the manuals of politics and military tactics, let us then label this new generation of administrators "technocrats," and let us construct a "scenario" of their professional activities.

A beleaguered institution—and all those prone to takeover by the technocrats are beleaguered both financially and academically—will seek out a professional consulting service for what is known as a "self-study." The very concept "self-study" is contradictory because precisely what constitutes it as a "professional self-study" is that it is undertaken by outsiders—also known as "undertakers." This self-study *will* be expensive; for what distinguishes amateur from professional services in education as in athletics (the parallels between the two areas are many and awesome, and the typical president could often sub for the typical coach) is the greater preoccupation of the professional with the cash nexus. The self-study will involve a "team" of half a dozen or so "specialists" (the men usually with degrees from business schools, the women with BAs from small liberal arts colleges) who will interview students, faculty, alumni, businessmen, etc. But since the team is employed by the administrators, and since it neither knows nor has the time to interview everybody, it will naturally talk only to those whom the administration suggests as "interviewable" (neologisms are the stock in trade of professional consultants, who thus exemplify both creativity and "future-orientation"). Dissident

views will therefore be interdicted, though possibly a few critical cranks will also be interviewed in the interests of "saving the appearances" of a democratic sample. The format of the finished self-study, printed, bound, and multifoliate (size is important as a measure of diligence—so there will be lots of white space per page) will probably run more or less as follows: a "general introduction" on current educational problems (gleaned from the newsweeklies); a history of the college or university (gleaned from old catalogues and bulletins); an "analysis of the present situation" (gleaned from the interviews); and "suggestions for action" (gleaned from previous surveys done for similar such schools).

Since from the so-very-understandable free-enterprise viewpoint of the consultants one of the purposes of the report is to guarantee further employment in the future, testimony to the wisdom and foresight of the founding fathers of the institution and their successors will abound, as will also fulsome praise for the "basic thrust" of the school and for its present administrators. After several hundred paragraphs of administrative consolation, in the last few pages of the report the professional counselors will have no hesitation about advocating something like the following (from an actual "Study of Development Potentials for _____College"):

THE MATTER OF PROFESSIONAL COUNSEL

The Organization Chart (drawn up by the "professional counsel") provides for professional fund-raising counsel. We would see the role of the _____Company (if this Company is invited to continue its relationship with _____College as that of advisor, catalyst, sounding board, off-stage prompter and technical tactician during the gearing-up stage through the next two difficult years.

This service provides for a two-to-three-day visit, usually once a month, and for such service from the home office as may be necessary up to the equivalent of four days each month. Such service involves continuing counseling on various aspects of development; assisting in the organization of the expanded Development Program; reviewing publications and ideas suggested by others; supplying experience and expertise for the overall development operation; advising on specific presentations; and in general providing guidance and stimulation for the Director (Vice President) of Development, and the entire staff for development, public relations and alumnae (i) relations.

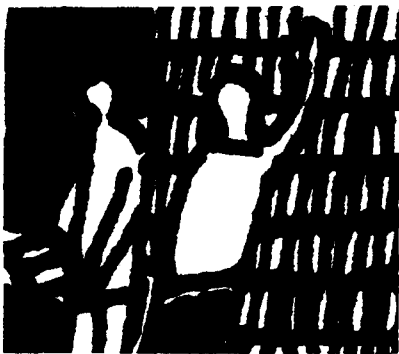
Also, during the first year, we see a *special* need for some *specialized* writing, as *specified* [*sic*] previously, starting with a Case Statement. We suggest, therefore, that 12 weeks of such service be budgeted for next year. (*italics added*)

The _____ Company fees for these serv-

ices would be: for one year of counseling service beginning March 1, \$18,000 and for 12 weeks of writing service, \$8,400; which will be billed only as it is used.

That the "specialized writing" will inevitably be couched in the same aliterate twaddle the above paragraphs embody makes its necessity a little less than patent—and utterly dubious when one considers the fact that we are talking about an institution with something called an "English department" which offers "Programs in Writing."

The tenor of the above professional advice is so evident that one wonders how any modestly discerning administrator would not have been revolted by its crass venality. But "professionalism" has become a self-validating concept and even "non-professional" administrators may succumb to it. In the February, 1971, issue of *College & University Business*, under the head-



ing "Autopsy of a Dying College," there is a detailed report on the "professionalized" disintegration of a small Eastern school. Among the items one notes:

For \$7,500 the _____ Company undertook a publicity campaign in behalf of the college and later undertook a study of _____'s financial condition.

A new academic image would mean nothing, the _____ report continued, unless the physical plant showed some signs of new life. At that point, the college committed itself to a single plan for survival: expand, fast.

Earlier that year _____ had hired a young man to head development and public relations. . . . In nearly two years the development officer failed to pay for his salary.

Within a nine month period _____ called in two consultants: _____ & Associates cost the school \$10,875 in an effort to obtain the school money from foundations. No money was brought in. _____ principally advised the school on public relations—for \$3,500. Finally, when it became evident that no money would be forthcoming. . . . There is something ghoulishly ironic about the fact that although the school in question is now quite dead, the "professional counselors" remain alive and flourishing.

As they say on the street: Did you ever meet an impoverished mortician?

As to the concrete proposals of the self-study (other than the omnifarious injunctions: "raise as much money as possible"), they will invariably be both fuzzily worded ("identify your publics," "address all your constituencies") and remarkably isomorphic with the known wishes of the bill-paying administrators. Of course, the entire program proposed will take time (thus assuring a need for "continuing consultations") and will be broken up into several "phases"—one of the besetting incubi of all administrators is that schedules will not be met: in "professional counseling" circles presumably this known as "loss of phase." But the most important recommendation, (and therefore constitutive of "Phase One") will be the establishment of a hierarchy of administrative offices so polyploid and stratified as to make the court of Justinian look like a banana-republic junta. (There is little evidence that "professional counselors" ever read Max Weber on bureaucracy.)

This stratification will insulate the president from alien views of students and faculty (particularly faculty, who will be valued not as they teach or publish, but as they acquiesce in presidential ukases); and it will also provide the eminence necessary in a closed cosmos where rank and position pass for authority and influence. In the tags of Mad Ave. and Milton: "A Bigelow on the floor for a throne of royal state that far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." Of course, the lesser satellites, who will burn with a hard gumlike flame in the reflected *gloire* of the leader, will themselves be habilitated and furnished in a manner befitting their proximity to the seat of power—and so, "with great regret" senior faculty may be uprooted, crowded together, and personal libraries of decades gathering will be closeted in the basement while architects, designers, and a whole corps of inferior desecrators are hired to construct executive suites, antechambers, foyers, vestibules, and johns. Thus Ilion once rose out of the mists.

The institution now is ready for "Phase Two," the introduction of new programs "that will excite and capture the public eye." But, again, "with great regret," due to budgetary restrictions the new programs will only be bought at the price of old programs. The logic is irresistible, particularly since it is a professional truism that "new" outweighs "old" as stones do feathers. The results? Let us look for them out of *mythopoios* and into fact.

For over 30 years *The Kenyon Review* has represented one of the most important and acclaimed investments in American letters. In money, this investment has reached a total exceeding half a million dollars—the deficit for last year alone was

more than forty thousand dollars. Aware that costs very likely will continue to rise, and convinced also that Kenyon College, in meeting this deficit, will penalize areas in its excellent academic programs, the Trustees have directed that College funds no longer be diverted for the support of the *Review*. (Announcement of the Suspension of Publication of *The Kenyon Review*.)

Note, en passant, before looking at our next citation, that this "most important and acclaimed investment" is defined exclusively in monetary terms—the investment in faculty and editorial time, in intelligence and creativity, is completely eclipsed by the investment "in money." Note, too, that "college funds" were "diverted" to the *Review*, as though in some mysterious way it were not a proper academic activity—merely a kind of diversionary effort.

Our second exemplum is from an editorial in *The Antioch Review* (Spring, 1970), criticizing proposed cuts in that magazine's budget:

University reviews are seldom seen as prophets in their own country—at least not for long. The distinction and prestige conferred by a successful journal on its institutional benefactor is apparently unrenowable, or has a diminishing value, irrespective of the actual quality of the publication or even of the changing social and political contexts in which it appears. . . .

But in fact the "changing social and political contexts" are usually little more than the changing context of education as the technocrats repudiate everything, not measurably productive or *ad hoc* usable. So, as the scholarly journal is killed, there may be introduced courses like Aquapathosophy 101, Intermediate Aquapathosophy, Advanced Aquapathosophy, Seminar in Aquapathosophy, etc.—"Aquapathosophy" being the theory and practice of rubbing elbows in the swimming pool.

One last illustration, this time citing the "Study of Development Potentials" we have referred to earlier. Again, it is a question of a scholarly journal, as distinguished in its field as the two treated above:

Whether _____ College should continue to subsidize _____ Magazine is beyond the purview of this study. It is suggested that the question be put to a committee of knowledgeable but impartial judges: "Is _____ Magazine contributing importantly to _____ College's prestige and reputation as an institution of Higher Learning?" Of greater importance from the overall public-relations point of view, is the matter of a *general* magazine which will reach all of the constituencies—and help "sell" the College. (original italics)

And, of course, as invariably will happen when the technocrats are faced by a conflict between scholar-

ship and "the overall public-relations point of view" one knows which of the two will triumph. (And in fact, the journal in question was subsequently budgeted out of existence.) True, the conflict is a perennial one, but where in the past the Philistines were only at the gates seeking to overrun the citadel, today they have infiltrated the very structure itself.

Acton's Review

One is reminded in all of this of Matthew Arnold's words at the time of the suppression of Lord Acton's *Home and Foreign Review*—a suppression, however, carried out at the behest of tyrannous ecclesiastical authority, not (as is true of present technocrats) in the name of higher education:

Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain. We saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it. *The Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. ("The Function of Criticism at the Present Time")

For "*Dublin Review*" in the above quotation substitute "the administration," or "the public relations office" (the two are really identical), and one can see the significance of many of the changes going on in American higher education.

But never will the new programs introduced to "excite and capture the public eye" affect basic academic structures—the academic as such being *terra incognita* to technocrats. Thus there will be no effort made at the three-year BA, at the four-year MA; no variations on the old Hutchins' two-two high school-college degree; no college courses for seniors in neighboring high schools—who would then, on graduating, bolster enrollment in college. Tinkering and mending, patching and retouching—yes; overhauling and radical reorganizing—inconceivable.

The second part of "Phase Two," "Phase 2B" as it will no doubt be denominated, is to employ the freshly whitewashed programs as bait to increase enrollment. Because schools where technocracy prevails have very small endowments, there is no other reliable source of funds than tuition. Necessarily, however, since competition for superior students is intense, less qualified students will be admitted. And since the budget will not allow either the hiring of teachers competent in remedial work or an increase in counseling staff, whatever cultural or intellectual atmosphere hitherto prevailed in the institution will be dissipated, the quality

of life both in and out of the classroom will deteriorate; and as vast numbers of freshmen are enlisted, equally vast numbers of disenchanted upperclassmen will transfer out. In the admissions office the Heraclitean stream will be at full flood. as more and more funds are expended in a vain effort to simply stand still, to simply keep the enrollment stable.

The primary victims, however, will be the disadvantaged students, and particularly the Blacks who will be thrown, via state or federal scholarship funds, into a totally alien white environment for which they have not been prepared and for which they have no sympathy. Because the necessary counseling and remedial expenditure has been interdicted, because they have no one to provide them with the kind of close personal guidance they require, their resentment will inevitably take explosive forms. What will the technocrat do? Exactly what his counterpart in the wards and precincts and at City Hall has done before him. Develop better schools, job opportunities, housing? Of course not: increase the budget of the police department. Or, in the argot of academia, "implement the security force." So the Sisyphean ball game continues with money being expended on "security" that could have gone into psychological counseling and academic guidance.

Adequate counseling will also be foreclosed by the permanent emergency atmosphere engendered by the technocrats, and in the maintenance of which they find their *raison d'être*. Bustle and frenzy will become the prevailing institutional mood, with courses repeated needlessly, teaching loads increased drastically, programs multiplied arbitrarily. There will simply be no time for faculty to engage in the quiet, unostentatious personal guidance of minority students. Thus the very crises that endless faculty activity purports to resolve become intensified.

And so, as the bookkeepers and hucksters implement their "Phases," the academic budget shrinks in direct proportion to the increase in administrative expenses. While senior faculty will be burdened by heavier schedules and have their salaries frozen ("My dear professor, you are already making as much as some of our vice presidents"), junior faculty up for tenure will be dismissed, and the few new junior members hired will be allowed to approach the sacred bourne of associate professorship—but never cross it. *Interea*, as they say in tragic epics, the quality of teaching will erode, not because the faculty, like striking milkmen, will withhold their services; not even because removing the one badge of achievement society recognizes ("an honest day's pay for an honest day's work," as Dick Daley would say) will motivate them to teach less ardently; but precisely because all the élan will be dissipated from their teaching as teaching is more and more regarded as the least important component of the institution's life. Then begins the downward spiral to oblivion;

a reciprocity of disintegration, a marriage of Anna and Vronsky, that steadily, inevitably destroys itself—as enervated professors teach unnerved students, and the mutuality of pointlessness and tedium engenders geometrically, in successive waves, more pointlessness and more tedium.

Phase Three

No need to panic, however. For upstairs, or over in the administrative wing, "Phase Three" is about to be launched: "the full-scale development program" is beginning (with champagne from the executive bar, of course). "Ongoing and upcoming operations" have been assessed; "the chain of command moving downward from the Board through the President to the Development Council, then to the Public Relations office," then to "key lieutenants" has been galvanized; "specialized writing" has been sent out to "publics" and "constituencies." In short, the "Big Push" is on. Pledges flood in; hopes are high—so are the vice presidents—as every day a newer Phase occurs. Finally comes the great reckoning *and* the grand announcement.

The institution is saved? Well, not quite. Contributions perhaps just about equal costs for building increases, new programs, professional counselors, public relations directors, etc. But the announcement is made anyway; budgets are juggled, and victory is trumpeted in the local press. The president and staff are interviewed: "———— College has weathered the fiscal storm; it *can* be done; inflation *can* be licked; higher education *is not* doomed." Probably shortly thereafter an announcement appears in the papers: the president, due to his great managerial skills, has accepted a position as chancellor of Majordomo State University—he will take his entire team with him.

Meanwhile back in lecture halls and classrooms. . . .



BRUCE BERGER

POINT OF MUSIC

The fingers only fly
When the wrist and mind
Are like the single eye
Of a hurricane,
Blind and asleep within
All that sweeps around,
But advancing in a direction
Of which they're well aware.
To turn the eye on the wind
Blows it all way;
It watches but what it sees
Is further still within,
And way beyond the keys.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW: A CONCURRING OPINION

ISIDORE SILVER

Remarkable art, flawed only by the hoary myth of the Old West

Undoubtedly—and perhaps rather quickly—a bevy of “revisionist” critics will arise to honor or assail Peter Bogdanovich. No motion picture receiving the initial, unanimous and enthusiastic acclaim of *The Last Picture Show* can long be immunized from skeptical second assessments. The nature of both Art and its choleric commentators make such reappraisal inevitable. Before the battlelines crystallize, however, a modest disclaimer entered in the form of a concurring opinion, as we lawyers say, might be in order. Such an opinion would acknowledge that the movie is, indeed, an impressive work of art; it would also recognize that, at its core, it perpetuates the hoary American myth that the “Old” West was a golden age, an Eden from which we have expelled ourselves and to which we must return to cure our wounded collective psyche. One staking out the middle ground might also be tempted to conclude that the myth, though generally held under tight control, ultimately flaws the Art.

In general, the Art is remarkable. The petrification of Anarene, Texas is brilliantly caught by the camera eye of a Martian who fortuitously landed there twenty years ago (or twenty years from now, or two hundred years—does it make any difference?). The ossification of the people, in their relationships, in their faces, is mercilessly caught and held by the innumerable close-ups which depict each character’s loneliness and isolation. Bogdanovich does achieve the remarkable feat of managing to sequester each individual within a closed space by distancing him from every other persons, even in group scenes. Even the physical violence seems distant and remote, mere slight intrusions into each cell of isolation, from the characters as well as the audience. Indeed, the violence in the film, when it does occur, is strangely muted, almost laconic. After Sonny is slashed in the eye by a beer bottle, we are surprised to find that only a slight scar remains after the patch is removed. The wounds are clearly inner ones, although the scene itself leads one to believe that there will be nothing less than total disfigurement or even removal of the eye.

Because of the constant background of space which operates to create a vacuum between characters, even conversations float off into a void and are never so much

completed as lost. Bogdanovich fills the space not with the noises of life but with the mechanical roars and gasps of broken-down trucks and other inhuman junk. One has the eerie feeling that when all of us have expired the only thing left will be a cacophony of grunts, the wheezes of machines which are taking longer to die and which will die with more protest.

The space of the film is also filled by the vitality (artificial though it be) *within* the movies intermittently flashed on the screen of the decaying Anarene theater. Spencer Tracy embracing Elizabeth Taylor in *Father of the Bride* is an aching and poignant reminder (to us) of what family life could be—and a devastating counterpoint to the boredom and aimlessness of the Anarene audience over which it flickers. Watching Tracy, the Sam the Lion of our fantasy lives, we almost shout out —“Come on Peter, it’s too easy.” Since Bogdanovich is addressing the over-thirties generation, his choice of Tracy and the young Taylor (today she is a different person) is like shooting emotional ducks in a barrel. The counterpoint—between not only Anarene and the vitality of the old movie, but also between us and the art form—is heightened by those few seconds of *Red River* at the end. Bogdanovich here does more than pay tribute to Howard Hawks and John Wayne (about which more later): he captures the exuberance—the possibilities—of Man himself. Those quick cuts in *Red River*—in such contrast to the almost stately framing of *The Last Picture Show* itself—of men screaming “yip” on the cattle run are immediately played off against the stillness of the audience itself, the stillness of death (or its equivalent, life suspended). And if we are inclined to laugh at the ludicrousness of Wayne’s cry, “Let’s go to Montana,” we are quickly caught short by our knowledge that this dreadful cliché is better than the blank silence of the Anarene movie house. Interestingly, the novel of *The Last Picture Show* is less symbolic: the last movie is an old Audie Murphy Western clinker and McMurty laconically notes that it wasn’t *Red River*.

Inevitably, the bits and pieces of old movies (a distinctly subordinate theme of the McMurty novel) raise the question of sentimentality. The sentimentality lies in Bogdanovich’s belief that the Old West was the repository of a unique American character. He honestly thinks that Howard Hawks and John Wayne are right. Since *The Last Picture Show* is not a political tract, and since

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Bogdanovich gives no indication of any facile assumption that we can recreate that character, I shall not dwell on what some may see as a neo-fascist, or at least callous conservative, tinge. As an artist, Bogdanovich is evidently not concerned with the contemporary implications of rugged individualism. The picture is not as fundamentally undemocratic as is, for instance, *High Noon*—with its lone, brave hero contrasted to an effete and cowardly citizenry—and cannot be judged as if it were a Stanley Kramer or Carl Foreman epic. Indeed, Bogdanovich has no room for Political Man on his barren landscape.

The thematic analysis must commence with Sam the Lion, the appropriately named last survivor of the Old West. As played by Ben Johnson (another Hawks tribute) Sam is the moral cement that, increasingly failing, holds the community together. Sam is the tie to the past—the past of human decency, hope, and vitality—and when he dies, everything becomes unglued. All sense of community vanishes, the violence so latent in



many of the relationships escalates precipitately (though, as we have seen, without great harm), and the only hope for Sonny becomes a retreat into the self. In a world where giants have trodden, Bogdanovich tells us, the only possibility is personal growth (along with the limited and obviously temporary hopes of one to one intimacy).

Ben Johnson has become a sort of apolitical John Wayne and his casting here resembles—and recapitulates—his use by Sam Peckinpah in *The Wild Bunch*. Bogdanovich adds the extra tribute of a brief shot of a poster advertising *The Wagon Master*, a picture, the cultist will note, featuring none other than Ben Johnson. The Johnson character symbolizes both the toughness and the tenderness, the wisdom and the compassion of that timeless relic of the American screen, the cowboy. Yet, surely, the myth of the Old West, while durable aesthetically, has been proven to be somewhat less than grandiose, historically, and, in contemporary times, has given us Lyndon Johnson and John Connally.

If *The Last Picture Show* had merely made the point that an era of rugged individualism had died, to be replaced by a bloodless, frustrated anomic suburban America (the true theme of the movie is not just the death of a small town but its increasing suburbanization),

then it could only be faulted for redundancy. The theme would be more provocative here than it was in such movies as *The Wild Bunch*, *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, *Hud* (also a McMurty creation) and, perhaps the best of all, *Lonely Are the Brave*. But, Bogdanovich is striving for something more. The key line in the picture is given to the old woman who has taken over the management of the movie house from Sam the Lion after his death, when she explains her decision to close down the theater. After attributing that decision to changing times, including the advent of television, she muses, "If Sam had lived, I believe we could have kept it going. But me and Jimmy just didn't have the know-how" (the line, incidentally, is taken directly from the novel). Is a return to Eden possible? Is our civilization and its technology not necessarily inevitable? Can we rouse ourselves from our torpor and make one more effort of will? Although the picture quickly retreats from this exposed position, there is a lingering wistfulness which neither the movie nor audience can completely shake.

Bogdanovich's belief in the myth is enhanced by the contrasts between the middle-aged and the young on the one hand and the elderly, on the other. Sam the Lion is not the only "honest" character in the film. There are those anonymous town elders who jeer Sonny and Duane for their inability to tackle during the high school football games. Although the sure directorial hand of the film falters in these sequences—there were at least four forced, allegedly "humorous" references to "tackling" in about two minutes—that is not the main problem. Obviously, the elders have seen and know "real" football, the bone-crushing kind, while the youngsters are unable to make the kind of commitment, both emotional and physical, to the violence required by the sport. They are afraid to use their bodies, to test their bodies, to risk their bodies. Although some of the elders are later depicted as being cruelly oblivious to the death of the dumb boy, Billy, that is readily attributable to the increasing callousness of life in general, and in no way detracts from their characterization as being more aware of life.

The mythical treatment of the death of small-town America creates one more aesthetic problem. Except for the prevalence of the myth itself and the accents of the characters, there is nothing specifically "Texan" about the decline. The depicted frustrations and unfulfillment become characteristic of *all* of middle-America. Perhaps Anarene, Texas is as dreary as Winesburg, Ohio, but surely there must be some differences. Small-town America did die, but not all at once at a particular time. Surely, the circumstances of the demise must have varied by region, if not by town. The nationalization of American culture, abetted as it was first by radio and then (at an accelerated pace) by television, could not have had the same, simultaneous results everywhere. The failure to particularize, or rather the reliance on the

myth to create particularity, makes the movie less than a completely satisfying aesthetic experience.

Of course, this discussion has omitted certain cultural questions such as whether small-town life was *always* boring, or at best, boring and violent. Perhaps the migration of American youth to the cities (let us forget the suburbs for a moment) was, on the whole, a more satisfying life experience for the migrants than remaining behind was for the others like Sonny. Would it be too heretical to suggest that even those who left *before* the advent of television led happier lives than did their settled brethren? Perhaps the advantages of "civilization" on balance outweigh the banalities and cruelties of small-town life (after all, *Winesburg* was written long before television and the Korean war)? That other master of the "dying West" genre—Peckinpah—is more ambiguous about these questions. On the whole, I have tried to judge *The Last Picture Show* on its own terms and to put aside these troublesome questions (although, doubtlessly, the latter influenced the former).

On its own terms, then, the movie is flawed, but still remains an impressive artistic achievement. When the inevitable "revision" occurs, when (perhaps) *Targets*, Bogdanovich's first full-length movie, is compared to his second—and (perhaps) found to be more valuable—it would be wise to keep in mind that both extremes may be wrong. If we who "wish to keep our heads while all about us are losing theirs" savor the virtues of a fine, though not seminal work of Art, for its own considerable merits, that will be an accomplishment indeed, especially when the winds of debate start to churn.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS



THE STAGE

In the "Author's Preface" to the published version of *Murderous Angels* (1968), Conor Cruise O'Brien comments on "the veiled logic which requires from political men actions which are the function of what they represent;" he adds, parenthetically, "and to a lesser extent of what they are." Although the play which the Phoenix Theatre is now presenting at the Playhouse bears only a vague resemblance to the earlier version, O'Brien's remark still seems appropriate. *Murderous Angels* is one of those pseudo-historical plays, like Rolf Hochhuth's *Soldiers*, which attempt to find the philosophical and political patterns implicit in recent events. The material of O'Brien's play comes from the Congo of 1960-1961 (the declaration of Congolese independence, the secession of Katanga, the Mobutu take-over, the murder of Patrice Lumumba, the "accidental" death of Dag Ham-

marskjöld), but its subject is the relationship between action and function suggested by the quotation above. The fascination of the play is that O'Brien knows that what a political man represents is a great deal more complicated than the official labels he wears, and he attempts to see his two main characters—particularly Hammarskjöld—in terms of idea, of role, of office. The failure of the play may lie in the ambitiousness of this attempt, in the authorial intelligence that makes it worth listening to in the first place.

The play opens with the recitation (barely audible the night I was there and difficult to follow aurally in any case) of Denis Devlin's lines on Michael Collins from which O'Brien took the title of his play. The "murderous angels" in man's head are the great abstractions for which some men live and are willing to die. At the end of the play, we are reminded of those "angels" once again, and at this point they are identified as Freedom (Lumumba) and Peace (Hammarskjöld), both desirable and almost always in conflict. Of course, the two men represent more than the abstract ideas that finally kill them. "No one . . ." says the narrator at the beginning of the play ("a kind of game"), "ever loses sight of the color of the pieces, even for a moment." Late in the play, Diop—Hammarskjöld's assistant, friend, perhaps lover—says that Hammarskjöld's attempt to transcend color is a noble failure, that lesser men must be black or white; that "lesser" is an unnecessary limitation for the play indicates that Hammarskjöld, in his role as Secretary-General, as peacemaker, is always white in the face of Lumumba's blackness. Lumumba's own political role, dictated by the conjunction of his color and his abstraction, lies not in the title he briefly wears (Prime Minister of the Congo) but in his revolutionary image. Within the context of the play—within the context of the Congo of 1960, O'Brien would say—a political black man has only two choices: to be a puppet of the whites or a revolutionist.

According to the "unveiled" logic of the play, Hammarskjöld's welcome at the Katanga airport on August 12, 1960 (carefully staged by the Belgian-English mining interests) looks like a legitimization of Moïse Tshombe and the Katanga secession and so forces Lumumba, who had after all invited the UN in, to turn to Russia for support. Their help, meager as it is, constitutes a Russian presence for the Americans who, in their turn, through the UN representatives in Leopoldville, use, first Kasavubu, then Mobutu, to force Lumumba out of power. (In the published play, the Americans are involved much earlier in the action and much more nastily; it is the American ambassador who persuades Hammarskjöld that Lumumba's death is a necessity.) Lumumba, for freedom's sake, chooses to leave his UN-protected haven in Leopoldville to go to his daughter's funeral in Stanleyville, knowing that he is not likely to make it; Hammarskjöld, for peace's sake, lets

him go, refuses to let UN forces rescue him. After Lumumba's death, using the Security Council resolution that its furor created, Hammarskjöld tries to do what he would not do for Lumumba alive, to end the Katangan secession even at the cost of violent police action. When that action looks as though it may fail—that is, may prolong or extend the fighting—Hammarskjöld is ready to fly to Tshombe to negotiate a cease-fire. It is presumably his peculiar brand of *realpolitik* that sends him to Ndola, but he knows that the logic of the situation is carrying him to another destination. Earlier, when Diop calls him Pontius Pilate to Lumumba's Jesus, Hammarskjöld accepts the role, but adds that "the same man, having played the part of Pilate may be called to play the part of Jesus." In the last scene, he boards the plane, knowing that his destroyer is flying with him, and—like Lumumba—he goes to a death that is inevitable, romantic, sacrificial or suicidal, depending on which adjective houses your philosophy, theology, psychology and politics.

The story that O'Brien tells poses problems that make it difficult to stick with the play in the terms in which I have described it. I found myself wanting to ask a specific question: is Hammarskjöld really guilty of complicity in Lumumba's death and his own? The easy out is to pretend that the historical fact does not matter, to say that the dramatic situation and the ideational thrust of the play demand his guilt. When the director's son in *Soldiers* asks if Churchill really killed General Sikorski, his father answers, "If he thought it necessary, yes. If not, no." It is an attractive answer, but it will not really do. For Hochhuth or for O'Brien. The genre leans heavily on research, and O'Brien, like Hochhuth, fills his published work with historical justifications of his dramatic choices. Since O'Brien was the representative of the Secretary-General in Katanga during much of 1961 and the author of an account of the Congolese chaos, *To Katanga and Back* (1962), he might have worked simply out of an insider's informed guesses. Instead, in the published play, he buttresses his assumptions with pages of notes, citing sources of speeches, scenes, character readings, and he adds an essay on Hammarskjöld's relation to Lumumba's death. The evidence is more circumstantial than conclusive, however, and the scholarly apparatus fails to give the play the sense of solidity it needs. On stage, of course, the play is even more vulnerable. The problem of historical accuracy is not one that usually bothers me, but it is a difficulty here because an air of gossip hangs over the play and threatens to reduce it to a *mélodrame à clef*.

The ugly irony of the play is that the two idealists are not so much victims of their conflicting abstractions as of the characters whose motivations are more ordinary—desire for power, wealth, comfort. Oddly enough, this is most clearly expressed in those scenes which approach conventional political satire. O'Brien is much less suc-

cessful with the characters that get beyond caricature. He falls back on schematization—Hammarskjöld caught between the advisers that are two sides of his personality, Diop (political idealism), Bonham (political reality)—or on sentimental cliché. If O'Brien had found the dramatic and the theatrical richness to match the complexity of his thought, *Murderous Angels* would have been more than the interesting intellectual exercise it is.

GERALD WEALES

THE FUTURE REVISITED



THE SCREEN

Throughout Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* there are signs that Kubrick himself felt the film was in trouble. Sometimes his direction even seems exasperated, as if he had been a bit frantic to impose his own ideas on the Anthony Burgess novel. The trademarks of Kubrick's cinematic style—strong backlighting and the backtracking of the camera through narrow corridors—here become just so much Kubrick-a-brac. He throws them into scene after scene until they are a commonplace and ornamental gimmick. To this he adds other gimmicks not of his own creating: fast motion and slow motion, a hand-held camera scene, fantasy sequences, etc. The result is a strained, visually cluttered film.

One way to look at the film is as a repetition of the mistake Kubrick made ten years ago, when he filmed *Lolita*. In this film, as in that one, Kubrick has no way to offset the loss of a unique literary style. Both novels are first-person narratives whose effectiveness depends on the originality of their diction. *A Clockwork Orange* is written in "Nadsat," a fictitious teenage slang that Kubrick retains in a voice-over commentary spoken by the novel's narrator, Alex. But the atmosphere that the language creates in the novel is lost to the film. Visual images tend to overwhelm language, so we are only marginally aware of Nadsat in the film.

Since there are hardly even women in Kubrick's best films, perhaps the most striking thing that *A Clockwork Orange* shares with *Lolita* is its interest in sex. This is what makes the mediation of language crucial to both stories. Alex is a leader of a gang that specializes in nocturnal "ultra-violence." He is also a rapist and a murderer of women. This last finally lands him in prison where he is cured of his sadistic tendencies by a form of brainwashing called "the Ludovico Technique." The only thing that keeps the novel from being the raunchiest kind of pornography is the fact that Alex tells his story in his own words. *Lolita* would be a story about child molestation if it weren't cast as Humbert Humbert's memoir. Similarly, Nadsat is what makes *A Clockwork*

Orange a story about Alex rather than sex and violence alone.

I think that Kubrick's repeated use of cinematic gimmicks is an attempt to make us aware of the medium between us and the story—literally, to mediate between us and the story the way Nadsat does in the novel. The trouble is that Nadsat makes a continuous statement, while these technical stylizations are just interjections. Yet to be fair to Kubrick's film I shouldn't overemphasize his efforts to translate the novel onto the screen, for he has also transformed it and used its plot for his own purposes. Consider the scene in which Alex breaks into an old woman's house and murders her. In the novel his weapon is an undescribed statuette; but in the film her house is full of pornographic art, and he beats her to death with an enormous sculpture of a penis.

What I dislike about this scene is, I suspect, what Kubrick has worked hardest to achieve. I find the scene such a howling overstatement that it is likely to render us as senseless as the old woman. A meaning that was too obvious when it was only implicit in the novel is now explicit. Although a symbol has been introduced into the scene, there is no distinction between the symbol and what it stands for. But I assume that the collapse of this distinction is exactly what Kubrick intended. He has extrapolated from Burgess' novel a world no longer able to distinguish fantasy from experience. Alex represents a society that has become ignorant of art in even the most primitive sense. The sculpture Alex uses as a weapon is not, after all, a phallus or totem: it is a penis rendered with only negligible abstraction. Sex and brutality are not signs of defiance or rebellion in Alex, nor are they even signs of maladjustment: they are simply a form of entertainment. Alex can enjoy both Beethoven and rape because he responds to both on the same level.

Wherever Kubrick alters the novel his intention seems comparable to that in the murder scene. When Alex breaks into the home of a writer, his rape of the writer's wife becomes a vicious rendition of "Singin' in the Rain." And Kubrick changes the novel's setting of another rape scene to make the same comment on Alex again. This time Alex and his "droogs" interrupt a rival gang as it is assaulting a girl. In the novel the scene occurs in the street, but Kubrick places it in an abandoned casino theater. When Alex arrives the rape is in progress on the stage, as if it were the featured act on the evening's program. But the players next come down to attack the audience that Alex and his friends comprise. Kubrick even presents their fight as if it were a barroom brawl in a Western—with people flying through panes of glass and bashing each other with furniture. The fight itself thus becomes a form of entertainment, not only for Alex, but for us as well. We too are suddenly enjoying this world of pointless violence in which Alex lives.

There is much in this scene to remind us of Kubrick's

better, earlier work. For instance, the casino is decorated with wall panels done in the style of Boucher. We have seen such interiors before in Kubrick's films, throughout *Paths of Glory* and at the end of *2001*. Kubrick believes that even in his ability to produce the refinements of a high civilization, man remains primal, violent and puny. In this film as in earlier ones, a Louis XV decor embodies this contradiction for Kubrick.

If this film can be compared with *Lolita*, it can also be compared with Kubrick's more recent films, *Dr. Strangelove* and *2001*, which are his best. All three are set in the near future and offer a very pessimistic vision of what that future will be. Yet Kubrick doesn't think of himself as a prophet (his three versions of the future aren't compatible enough to be prophecy), nor is he just a satirist. He is more of a myth poet in the sense that Eisenstein or Dovzhenko was, even though their historical perspective was optimistic and concerned with the present rather than the future. Like them, Kubrick has been searching for images that would move us more profoundly than mere art does. If he cannot find a way to move us with hope, then he will move us with terror instead.

But in *A Clockwork Orange* Kubrick's mood seems to pass beyond the pessimistic and become cynical. The Ludovico Technique that cures Alex consists of movies of atrocities which Alex must watch while under a nausea drug. What is *A Clockwork Orange* itself, if not the Ludovico Technique administered to the audience? I can hardly claim to find the film satisfying because much of it nauseates me. But should I like it better if I were to enjoy all its rape and brutality? Whether I feel threatened or pleased by what I see, I am damned anyway. Such a film seems designed to deprive me of my moral choices just as the Technique deprives Alex of his. This does indeed go beyond the limitations of mere art, but I think it does so in ways Kubrick himself cannot control.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



BIRON WALKER

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

Now that we've made a clean end of it, I'm proud
of us. (The spilled cup was mere accident:
I loosened hold too soon, you gripped too late.
What counts is that it left no burn or stain.)
Nobody threw anything, nobody cried.

It went as either would at once have said
he wanted had the other raised the issue.
(We're lucky that the cup was not poured full,
that half was all you asked for, all I offered.)
We have what both desire unless one lied.

IT IS RARE indeed that a 25-year-old should write a first-rate autobiography, which has become a best-seller in paperback on two continents, still more rare that he should write in a language not his own, not even learned until he was 15. And, rarer still, that the same 24-year-old should go on to write half a dozen other successful books, so that at 35 he has behind him a body of available work as varied as it is admirable, written in impeccable English. But surely the most remarkable thing about this writer is not that he is Indian—for there are several first-rate Indians writing in English—but that he is blind, and has been so since the age of three, when meningitis made him totally sightless.

In this autobiography, *Face to Face*, he tells how, the fifth child and second son of a doctor in the Indian public health department, he started living, aged 3, "in a universe where it was not the flood of sunshine streaming through a nursery window or the color of the rainbow, or a sunset or full moon that mattered, but the feel of sun against the skin, the slow drizzling sound of the spattering rain, the feel of the air just before the coming of the quiet night, the smell of stubble grass on a warm morning." It was a universe to be explored with only four senses, where at first—"but only at first"—he writes, he made his way "fumbling and faltering." How triumphantly he conquered his disability he makes abundantly clear: he learned to bicycle, even to do so without hands and to ride races with his siblings and their friends, to fly kites with them, jumping from roof to roof, and later, when the family moved to the hills, to climb day-long in the Himalayas; later still, to negotiate New York traffic.

Ved Mehta's parents had never met any blind people except beggars, so before he was 5, he was sent to a school for the blind in Bombay. He did not know a word of Marathi, the language talked there, or of English, which the school principal spoke. The students jeered at his smooth hands, and teased him because he did not laugh. Yet in a week he learned Mara-

THE WORLDS OF VED MEHTA

ANNE FREMANTLE



thi and got the better of his worst tormenter. Soon he could sew on his buttons, make his own bed and polish his shoes: in the classroom he was always the brightest.

But his family, who had been well-to-do, lost everything during Partition, and Ved describes the terror of Muslim communal rioting. Ved's father, with six young children and one pregnant married daughter, gathered 50 persons, family and retainers, in one small room, where gradually, Ved wrote, "we accustomed ourselves to the routine of terror." After days of horror they fled, escaping from Lahore to Bombay without casualty, but losing everything. Now they were refugees, and Ved was allowed, as a special case, to attend St. Dunstan's, the school for blinded soldiers, to which no civilian had ever before been admitted. Later, at 15, he went alone to a school in Little Rock, Arkansas: there were two, one for white and one for black, blind children, and the director told Ved they didn't know

to which to send him. Eventually he was put in the white school, and sat with 7- and 8-year-olds, as he knew no English. Here Ray, a ninth grade boy, told him the only nigger he had any use for was a dead nigger, and "If you rub your nose in the nigger business too much, you'll become one yourself, and remember whatever else you Indians are, you aren't white."

After graduation from high school, Ved, threatened with TB, went to Pomona College in California, and thence to Balliol College, Oxford. His family were now very poor, his father's pension being 100 dollars a month, but Ved got scholarships all the way, and holds degrees from Pomona, from Oxford, where he read Modern History, and from Harvard. During all this time, however, he never thought of himself as a writer. But one day, at London Airport, about to fly back to the USA, he phoned David Astor and asked him would he be interested in a story. "How long?" "Twenty thousand words" said Ved. "Only the *New Yorker* would be interested in anything that length," replied Astor. On arrival in New York, before going on to Harvard, Ved telephoned *The New Yorker* and had tea with Mr. Shawn, who was encouraging. Ved Mehta's first published piece was called *Indian Summer*. Thereafter he took academic life lightly—and became a staff writer on *The New Yorker* at 26.

His latest book *John is Easy to Please*, subtitled "Encounters with the Written and the Spoken Word" (a collection of six pieces culled from a decade of "reportorial work" for *The New Yorker*), reflects Ved Mehta in different ways, the worlds in which he feels at home: India, the USA and Britain. For him to find assembled in one room the diverse characters whom he here discusses would, he says, be Heaven, though the gathering would indeed be bizarre, since these include a UN simultaneous translator, the Director of the BBC's Third Programme; an English bookseller; an Urdu poet; an Indian novelist, and Noam Chomsky "the leader of the linguistic vanguard." But not so bizarre as his whole life,

which he says "is an unprecedented—and for the time being, incomprehensible—experiment," conducted by himself "in the guise of a mad scientist."

Yet what emerges from Ved Mehta's clear, sometimes stark, prose, is the reverse of madness. Indeed, his most apparent qualities seem to be sanity, sobriety and, above all, a simple capacity to survive. Most children subjected to his experiences would have suffered so severely from cultural shock that they would have become, at best, inarticulate. Yet Ved looked into the "gulf between what was home and what I was fast becoming" and calmly accepted it as "daily widening." His brother Ashok decided not to buy new shoes so the money could help Ved at school. Ved was elected, against his will, president of the student body at his Little Rock school; his best friend, a *nisei*, committed suicide; Ved tells it all succinctly, unsentimentally. And just as surely he goes straight to the point in his interviews—as when he asked the Archbishop of Canterbury if he found certain doctrines more difficult to defend than others! And when he was driven to Blackheath and the door whose bell he rang was opened by a "boyish-faced man in a dark-blue suit, a mauve tie and white shirt" who explained "I am Woolwich," Ved at once asked the Right Rev. John Robinson if he would care to take a stand on whether Jesus Christ's miracles did or did not actually happen? The author of *Honest to God* replies: "That's a secondary problem." Ved Mehta can sum up a philosopher as laconically as he can a theologian—as he does philosopher-novelist Irish Murdoch. She is, he wrote, "more of an intuitive person than an analytic one" who "regarded ideas as so many precious stones in the human diadem."

He included her in his *Fly and the Fly Bottle*, which is an account of current British philosophic positions as epitomized by the practitioners. He met all the British philosophers except Austin and Wittgenstein, who were already dead. Earl Russell told Ved how he had bidden Wittgenstein become a philosopher not an aeronaut. Ved's whole

description of Russell is both very funny and very serious. He comments on Russell's "exaggerated 'ee' sounds" and on his habit of "using his pipe, which went out repeatedly, as a baton to lead the conversation," and on his hectoring tone about the atomic danger, a tone which lasted until "the savior in him was eventually tamed by the tea." Russell's last words to Ved were memorable: "Oxford and Cambridge are the last medieval islands—all right for first-class people. But their security is harmful to second-class people—makes them insular and gaga. That is why English academic life is creative for some but sterile for many."

Ved Mehta can be savage as well as funny: Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford since 1957, is characterized as having a gift for "marshaling the faults of a historian . . . without a grain of sympathy." After reading him, one wondered why "the books had been written at all, why anyone read them, why anyone took them seriously." Arnold Toynbee suggested to Ved "a saint who is wrapped up in his theories and his prayers and yet is eager to please." A. J. P. Taylor, whose lectures Ved attended as an undergraduate, "talked in a clipped, acid voice." His lectures "tended to be sliced into equal halves, one meaty with the solid specificity of history and the other juicy with historicisms."

Ved Mehta's persistent interest in religion runs through all his books. His autobiography recounts his encounters with evangelical Protestantism. And his *The New Theologian* discusses the great "death of God" Germans: Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Rudolf Bultmann and Paul Tillich, and concludes that now "instead of dialogue, there are only indistinct cries from the edges of the ungirdled world." He writes most movingly of Wittgenstein; yet he can write skittishly too, as when he describes 82-year-old Sir Basil Blackwell and his pretty "frippets," the 16-year-old daffodil-picking Cinderellas who briefly work (until they marry) at Blackwell's bookshop on Broad Street, Oxford.

So far, Ved Mehta's most serious work is his *Portrait of India*—a huge,

panoramic look at the sub-continent by this blind man who can see further than most sighted. His account of the horrors of Calcutta is classic, to set beside Defoe's account of the plague year; his description of the high, cold border lands on India's northern frontier is as moving and memorable as are T. E. Lawrence's descriptions of Arabia's. And Ved Mehta writes no less well of musicians than of politicians, of food than of flora. Currently he has a Guggenheim Fellowship to write the official life of Pandit Nehru, and it is an assignment worthy of his mettle.

Ved Mehta's one novel (so far) is one of the most completely funny books of this century. Only Saki has created characters as hilarious as Ved's (fictitious?) uncle, *Delinquent Chacha*, "the greatest failure in the memory of our family" whose long and successful career as a poor relation included farming out his 13 children on his brothers, and culminated in getting to his longed-for "Ox-ford" to address the Model United Nations sponsored by the Parktown Crammer for Young Ladies.

Ved confesses to a "long-standing predilection for following intellectual escapades," especially when conducted with what he calls "devoted altercation." For him to call someone "fair argumentative" is, as it is for the Scots, a compliment. So the best, and the most recent, *John is Easy to Please* (Farrar, Straus, \$7.50), analyzes the "intellectual dust" stirred up by Noam Chomsky. Denounced by Charles F. Hockett as the propounder of a theory "spawned by a generation of vipers," rebuked by Hilary Putnam for "littering his paper with fuzzy concepts," feared by Roman Jakobson for the "danger of absolutism" inherent even in those of his concepts which carry an "important kernel of truth," Chomsky's "theoretical house," Ved concludes, "is in disarray."

But what fun is the "brilliant, quirky, internecine world of linguistic ideas and personalities" that he shows us! And what fun, as Humpty-Dumpty put it, is a good "knock-down" argument: especially when we are given both sides. This is Ved Mehta's seventh book: let's hope he writes seven times seven.

● ●

but German democracy has not yet been secured. . . . The heritage of National Socialism lives on—negatively in the dangers of a relapse, positively in the opportunities of an educational process drawing on the experience of the past. In this special situation Germany—West and East—will have to live so long as national sovereignty remains the motive force in contemporary political life.” In between these two enterprises he discusses in careful detail the coming to power of Hitler, the structures of the Nazi state, and its culmination and collapse in the war. The approach is almost consistently analytical; this is not a book with which to begin one’s study of the subject. (For that I think Alan Bullock’s *Hitler* is still best.) There is enough of the political and personal narrative, however, to support the comprehensive discussions of cause and structure; and when Bracher *does* let the story take over—in the detailed and sympathetic treatment of the resistance movement of Bonhoeffer and von Stauffenberg and Hans and Sophie Scholl—one feels a powerful sense that here, in the teeth of the conservative-national residue in contemporary Germany, a good European and a good man is asserting what Germany can and must be.

Bracher’s main contribution to attempts to get a clear theoretical approach to the general history of the period is the book itself. By writing on “the German dictatorship” he asserts the primacy of the individual national experience, and of politics. In this he sets a good example for many historians enamored of the model and the broad comparative approach which makes model-building inescapable. But he also comments directly on this issue. He points out the strengths and weaknesses of both the totalitarian and fascist ideas. The fascist approach cannot really bring the “numerous transitional forms of authoritarian rule” of the 1920s and 30s into relationship with the regimes of Mussolini or Hitler. Right-wing extremism is misunderstood when it is subject to “general sociopsychological

concepts like ‘authoritarian’ or ‘fascist syndrome.’” To see the epoch of fascism as an international phenomenon is to miss the fact that the Nazi dictatorship was “a radical nationalist movement which neither ideologically, politically, nor socially recognized any overlapping international connections.” Totalitarianism also offends by overwhelming the unique and the particular. Bracher recommends the limited use of such general theories: “the concept of fascism should be applied to uncover the interplay of right-wing dictatorship and bourgeois democracy in crisis-ridden parliamentary and capitalist systems, and the concept of totalitarianism, to illuminate structural principles in the rule and methods of both right- and left-wing dictatorships so opposed to the political process in pluralistic, multiparty democracies.”

These methodological generalizations are well-earned. They come, not at the beginning, but at the end of the book, and after the author has shown the complex interplay between “conservative-authoritarian and technistic, nationalistic, and revolutionary-dictatorial forces.” Stated very crudely the Hitler regime is seen by Bracher as the in no way inevitable outcome of a long struggle with a series of basic problems in modern German history, each itself a nexus of other difficulties. At one point Bracher boldly lists them:

The fragility of the democratic tradition and the powerful remnants of authoritarian governmental and social institutions before and after 1848; the susceptibility to nationalistic, imperialistic ideas, a product of the belated and never fully realized creation of a German national state; the problems arising out of the unexpected defeat and resultant stab-in-the back legend, and the widespread disgruntlement over the Versailles peace; the permanent crisis of a republic which never won the full support of the majority of the people; the explosive consequences of the Depression on this highly industrialized, socially and religiously divided state with its feudalistic, traditionalistic remnants; and finally, the middle classes’ fear of proletarianization and commu-

nism, and the added resentment and panic of a rural population threatened by the spread of modern technology.

Bracher sees the National Socialist appeal as based on a “nationalistic, racist, oversimplified social Darwinism,” and emphasizes not only the political genius of Hitler but the consistent underestimation of his drive for power and his ruthlessness on the part of the conservative-authoritarian elements which hoped to manipulate him for their ends. Hitler’s foreign opponents were guilty of the same mistake: the Anglo-German naval agreement of June 1935 marks the success of the external variation of the policy of legality Hitler had set after the failure of the Munich putsch of 1923. Bilateral agreements abroad were an extension of the techniques of the pseudo-legal seizure of power: “And in fact the appeasement practiced by the Western powers up to the very moment of war rested on the same disastrous belief in the possibility of a peaceful containment of the National Socialist dynamic as had the mistaken notions of Weimar domestic policy.” Hitler’s socialism was also a facade. The revolution after power was not meant for the masses but for the “new elite of racially superior leaders”—elsewhere defined as “the professionally handicapped or unsuccessful petty bourgeois with military training or tendencies, who harbored great resentments against the establishments of both the Left and the Right.” “Their rule and victory over Jews and other ‘inferiors’—the true *völkisch*-racist revolution—remained the only genuine kernel of Hitler’s ideology, regardless of the proclamations of National Socialist doctrine and propaganda; almost everything else was utilitarian, Machiavellian power politics.” Bracher’s pithy portraits of the Nazi leadership reinforces this interpretation. Here were the para-military “desperadoes” discussed by Wolfgang Sauer, manipulating the anti-Western attitudes of the late nineteenth century through racist and particular anti-Semitic appeals. “Anti-Semitism was a manifestation of

a rejection of the 'West,'" Bracher argues, because even though the Jews had come to Germany from the East, "the Enlightenment and democracy were essential preconditions for their acceptance and progress." "The growing conflict between the reality of an industrial urban world and the poetic glorification of rural virtues, of the simple life, of irrational forces," had already been linked, in 19th century German popular literature, "to the repellent figure of the urban, commercial Jew." Hitler's other great obsession—"living space" for a greater Germany—had also had a long preparation in Wilhelmine Germany.

Bracher is deliberate and thorough in showing the extent of the appeal of Hitler's ideas to middle-class strata educated in a confusion of liberal and romantic-racist-authoritarian ideals, including the sell-out of the universities. Professor and jurist alike were willing to rationalize in a "formal-juridical garb of legality" the cynically anti-constitutional acts of July 14, 1933 and the Enabling Act. In 1938 Jules Streicher asked Berlin University: "If the brains of all university professors were put at one end of the scale and the brains of the Führer at the other, which end, do you think, would tip?" After quoting Göttingen historian Ulrich Kahrstedt's 1934 statement—"We renounce international science, we renounce the international republic of scholars, we renounce research for the sake of research. *Sieg Heil!*" Bracher comments: "In fact, he [Streicher] did have a point there."

Paraphrase and citation damage the integrity of this subtle and comprehensive work. No simply causal summary can be extracted from it. Germany did not have to "take the road to the Third Reich": that it did so was "ultimately" caused by "the deep schism between German and Western political thought, and the emergence of a special German sense of destiny with anti-Western overtones." If a people is responsible for its past, then clearly the middle classes had an exceptional role to play in either avoiding or taking that road.

But this "ultimate cause" is just that: remote from the events of the 1930s, linked to them by myriad strands of political, economic, and above all, social transformations all working together towards the culmination of "National Socialist reality and ir-reality," the extermination of the Jews.

To illustrate the "perversion of human values that formed the basis of National Socialist racial and expansionist goals," a perversion of "both the moral and military order," Bracher cites words spoken by Himmler to the SS leaders at Poznan on October 4, 1933:

I want to tell you about a very grave matter in all frankness. We can talk about it quite openly here, but we must never talk about it publicly. . . . I mean the evacuation of the Jews, the extermination of the Jewish people. It is one of the things one says lightly (!)—"The Jewish people are being liquidated," party comrades exclaim; "naturally, it's in our program, the isolation of the Jews, extermination, okay, we'll do it." And then they come, all the 80 million Germans, and every one of them has his decent Jew. Of course, the others may all be swines, but this particular one is an A-1 Jew. All those who talk like this have not seen it, have not gone through it. Most of you will know what it means to see 100 corpses piled up, or 500, or 1,000. To have gone through this and—except for instances of human weakness—to have remained decent, that has made us tough. This is an unwritten, never to be written, glorious page of our history.

Those who aspire to a regime of order in America, and those who call such aspirations "Fascist" must meet together and study this passage. Perhaps they can tell each other what



REVIEWERS

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RABBI JACK RIEMER edited *New Prayers for the High Holy Days* (Media Judaica).

they really want to say, knowing that this is the kind of speech they never want to hear.

Religion in Radical Transition

JEFFREY K. HADDEN (ed.)

Aldine, \$5.95

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

The editors of *Transaction Magazine* have already assembled twenty-four small books from the articles appearing in their periodical. This one on religion is another of the series of such books dealing with "social changes that have aroused the longstanding needs and present-day anxieties of us all." *Transaction* has a social-problems approach (although the editors deny this) and Jeffrey Hadden, who put this book together, is well-known for his gloomy interpretation of American Christianity. He says in his introduction that "the theories and empirical findings of the social sciences suggest a doubtful future for religious institutions."

The central theme of these nine reprinted articles is "conflict" rather than "radical transition" as the title suggests. Part I carries the heading: Belief and Practice in Conflict, Part II: Clergy Role Conflict, and Part III: International Perspectives on Conflict. Mil-

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ton Rokeach starts it off with his brief psychological piece on "paradoxical religious beliefs" in which he repeats the wellworn stereotype that religious people are more anti-humanitarian than non-believers. He is the only psychologist among the authors and he comes down heavy on the side of negative research findings on what he thinks are contradictory teachings of the church.

Hadden himself appears twice among the contributors, the first time dealing with the paradox that Protestant ministers who continue to differ widely on their theological doctrines may nevertheless act in ecumenical harmony. Later, with Raymond Rymph, he discusses clergymen who marched—and some who did not march—in the Chicago school protests in 1965. Sociological factors account for the difference between marchers and non-marchers.

Charles Glock and Rodney Stark also appear twice in this short book, first with an important and much-quoted article which demonstrates the continuing existence of creedal differences among major Protestant denominations. Their survey research among the laity shows the fallacy of the sociological assumption that American Protestants can be lumped together in a single category for purposes of comparison with Jews and Catholics. They thus deny that there is an "American Protestantism."

Glock and Stark provide a second article in which their research data suggest that as Christian orthodoxy decreases Christian ethicalism increases. This is a sophisticated version of the old stereotype that theologically conservative people are not likely to have liberal social attitudes. More importantly, they see a general decline in commitment to Christian orthodoxy and to the institutional church as we have known it. They are saying that unorthodox Protestants give minimal support to the church, but put great stress on ethics; and their speculation on this distinction leads them to the catchy title: "Will Ethics be the Death of Christianity?"

The third Part of this book goes

international: to Sweden where Richard Tomasson finds religion irrelevant; to the Arab countries where Guenther Lewy foresees a doubtful future for the Islamic religion; and to Latin America where Ivan Vallier sees Catholicism faced with challenges on all sides. In these three articles, Sweden presents the clearest case of religious and ecclesiastical decline. The status of Islamic religion differs from one Arab nation to another. Even more complicated and diverse are the fortunes of Catholicism in the various South American countries.

In general, this book is representative of what has come to be known as "crisis sociology." While the nine articles vary in importance, and their authors vary in talent and scholarship, there is a remarkable sharing in the Sorokinesque notion of impending doom of organized religion. It is not so long ago that the churchmen were wringing their hands over the decline of religion, while the sociologists were producing research reports to assure them that the religious enterprise was alive and well, especially in America. This book has the social scientists catching up with—or retreating to—the position of the religionists.

In the hope of retaining a balanced judgment of organized religion, one may well note Hadden's cautionary introductory remark that "the articles published in *Transaction* do not contain all the significant developments in religion during the past decade."

The Book of Alfred Kantor

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN
WYKERT

McGraw-Hill, \$17.95

JACK RIEMER

"I drew these pictures at a displaced persons camp in Bavaria in July of 1945, ten weeks after having been liberated from three and a half years in three Nazi concentration camps. The drawings took about two months from the day a bookbinder sewed together a book of blank pages for me.

"For some of these watercolors I had as guides pencil sketches that I had done in the camps. At Terezin I was able to draw frequently. In Auschwitz pencil and paper were much more difficult to obtain. Yet I managed, for it was here that sketching took on a new urgency. I was determined to keep a continuous record. Even though I knew there was no chance to take these pictures out of Auschwitz, I drew whenever possible. By the time I was deported to Schwarzheide, surveillance had become so menacing that I could only draw a little and most of the sketches I destroyed to avoid being caught. The few Schwarzheide drawings that survived did so only through the bravery of a friend who smuggled them out."

So it was that Alfred Kantor—he was only twenty-two at the time—composed one of the most important and one of the most moving works of art of our time. With the skilled eye of an artist and with the detachment of a journalist he drew everything in sight, producing a shatteringly vivid account of the step-by-step process which brought annihilation, first to the spirits, and then to the bodies, of so many human beings.

As John Wykert says in his exquisite introduction to these paintings, what he learned from studying this book is that death was almost incidental or anticlimactic, perhaps even a welcome release from what had already been endured by these concentration camp inmates. Death was not the sting, the preamble of constant suffering was, the systematic continual process wherein so many human beings were deprived of their humanity, their hope, their dignity, and their will to live. It is this process of dehumanization that is so graphically portrayed in these paintings. It is this which gives the book its power as an authentic historical document and as a warning to the present. Its message is clear: It can happen again unless we resolve to stop it wherever and whenever it starts.

Abba Eban once said that there are some things that are too horrible to imagine but that there is nothing that

is too horrible to have happened. What this book does is take us back into the chamber of horrors and make us see through the eyes of art what happened there.

This book does one thing more, something which is an even more remarkable artistic and moral achievement. Alfred Kantor shows us small details within the larger scenes that prove that man is more than what can be done to him. There is one drawing of inmates playing soccer, another of a husband and wife meeting secretly at a barbed wire fence, and one of a prisoner listening to a secret radio so that he can bring some news, and perhaps some hope, to his fellow men.

This book of drawings remained on its author's shelf for a quarter of a century. Now it has been taken down from there and published in a facsimile edition so that it can confront us, enlighten us, and make us think about our responsibility to make certain that what it describes shall never happen again.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 339)

issue, I suppose, revolves around the question, "How do you reconcile freedom of diversity with conformity for the common good?"

C. GILBERT ROMERO

Hollis, N.Y.

To the Editors: Dorothy Seymour seems to agree with Professor Cade that Standard English is the "language of the ruling class" [Nov. 19]. At the same time she advocates treating Black English as a language of equal dignity. Yet I wonder if all the good intentions, expertise or hard work of linguists can resolve the social, cultural and political realities of contemporary America.

Research and the formulation of linguistic theory are not going to induce the more literate (by Standard English criteria) to undertake learning an ad-

ditional dialect. Such an attitude may be culturally regrettable but it is an attitude that will persist. The insistence on the part of some educators and linguistics that Black English is an authentic language—a noble dialect—suffers from pedantry. One wonders also if it would be practical or advisable to saddle black ghetto children in the name of high-minded impulse or principle with the burden of learning two languages with different rules for the same meanings at one time and different meanings at another.

When a youngster learns that "*J'ai faim*" means "I am hungry", by learning that the same idea can be expressed in two different and contrasting ways that youngster is participating in a valid learning activity. When however a child is taught that in Black English "He a nice girl" means the same thing as "She's a nice girl" means in Standard English "He is a nice girl" is meaningless, a lot of pedagogical energy is being wasted. It is decidedly pedantic to argue that "He a nice girl and nobody don't it" becomes good usage because that is how a West African would say it if he had an English vocabulary. How credulous can you get? After generations of subjugation, humiliation and victimization do blacks have to depend for their dignity and identity on exotic or quaint speech?

Such theories may have more appeal for a concerned linguist than devising strategies and exerting pressure against those who shirk or despise their responsibilities where black children are involved. This would include a wide spectrum of adults white and black. Perhaps linguists along with others think that as far as black children's education is concerned things could hardly get worse and anything viable is worth a try.

I disagree. Maybe with more linguistic research and theorizing Black English could become an elective for language majors in high school and college. But don't contribute (unwittingly maybe) to the characterization of black ghetto children as "uneducable."

ROLAND LAIRD

Close Associate? Nay

Hempstead, N. Y.

To the Editors: In the interest of your readers, I wish to state that the letter printed by you in the December 17, 1971 issue by Robert Flaum [on Fitzgerald-Hemingway] is inaccurate. Flaum is in no way a colleague or an associate of Dr. Prigozy, nor, as she tells me, her "good friend." He is, on the contrary, a former student of Dr. Prigozy, now a sophomore at Hofstra. The implication in his letter that he is her close associate is resented by many of us here at the University.

Beyond this, his letter may speak for itself.

C. R. O'DONNELL

Department of English

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